

# Soilent Green, Looking Through Nails

inquisitor of a blind way...  
sitting on a thin line  
leaning from side to side...  
crawling into a mold  
when good made evil...  
thought that speaks of the future  
a dream lodged in the present  
this social obscurity...  
this nature of seclusion  
lying beneath mud  
the contradictory thought...  
a contradictory action  
the words of ancient minds  
a textbook left unopen... a story untold  
about murders to unfold  
run away from your dreams  
give up this great ecstasy  
this entire swarm of nothing  
infect a breed of insects  
to plague all of man  
knife in hand... lambs await  
the wolf in sheep's clothing  
bound in primitive mating  
this rabid lust for meat  
the sky delays the light  
face down in the dirt... only written in loss  
the stinging of a cut  
inside awaits the answer... the truth inside  
sympathetic aggressor  
ideas prone to your weak... fall to knees  
made to think of murder  
the blood every drop... on his hands  
these fresh pages...  
only to be dirtied by filthy writing  
an injected pen to disease  
its layers uprooted  
to feed the minds of the past  
these scars on his palms filled with dirt  
a will of remorse for this unforgiven bliss  
sentence of denial